THE SWORD INTERVAL

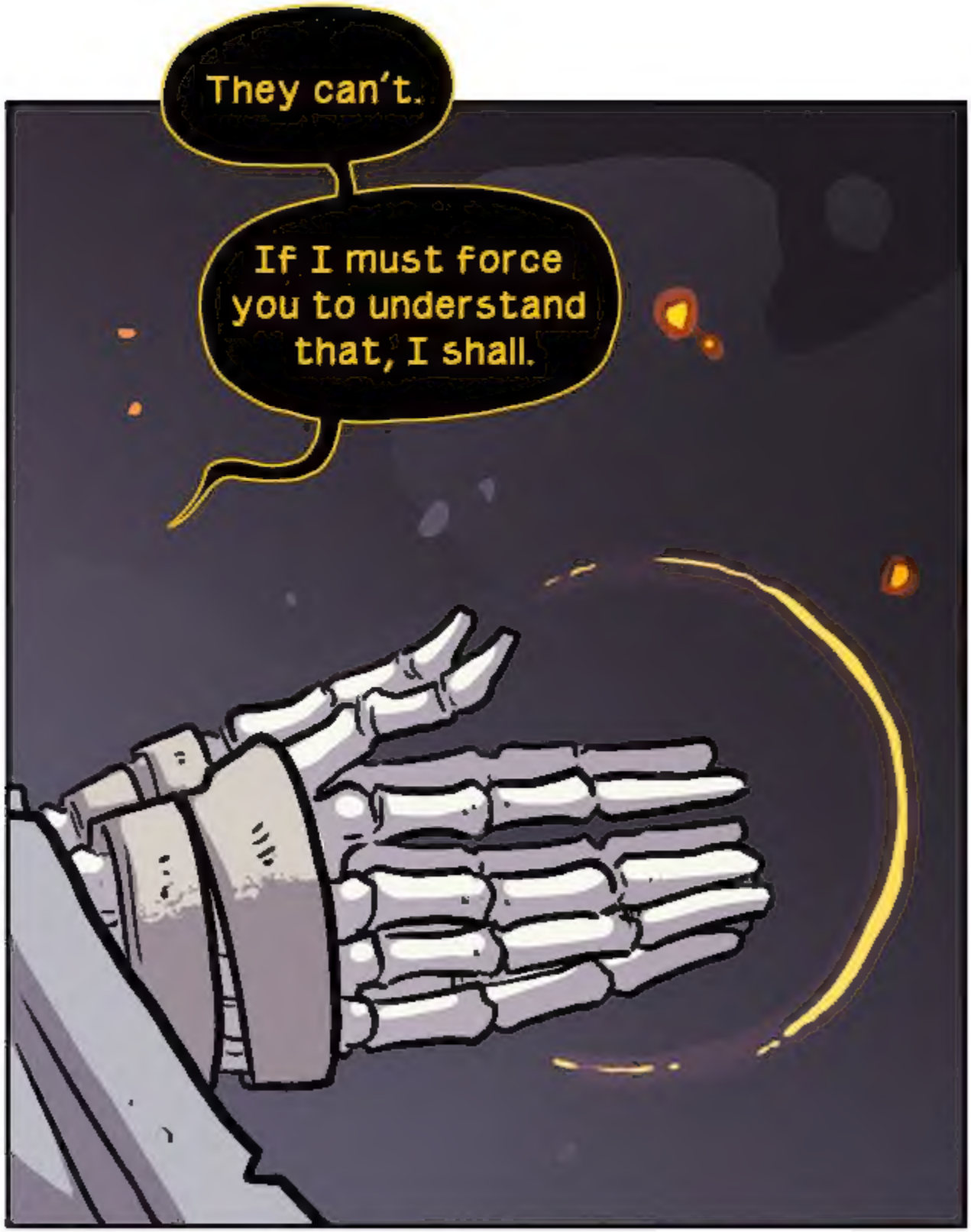
BY BEN FLEUTER

You cling to something cherished yet unavailing. A vestigial remnant of your human upbringing.
I too held on to this, long ago, when I first awoke in this world.

I too
had hope.

Hope that humanity could be saved.
That this world could be saved.

What are you--
no. NO!

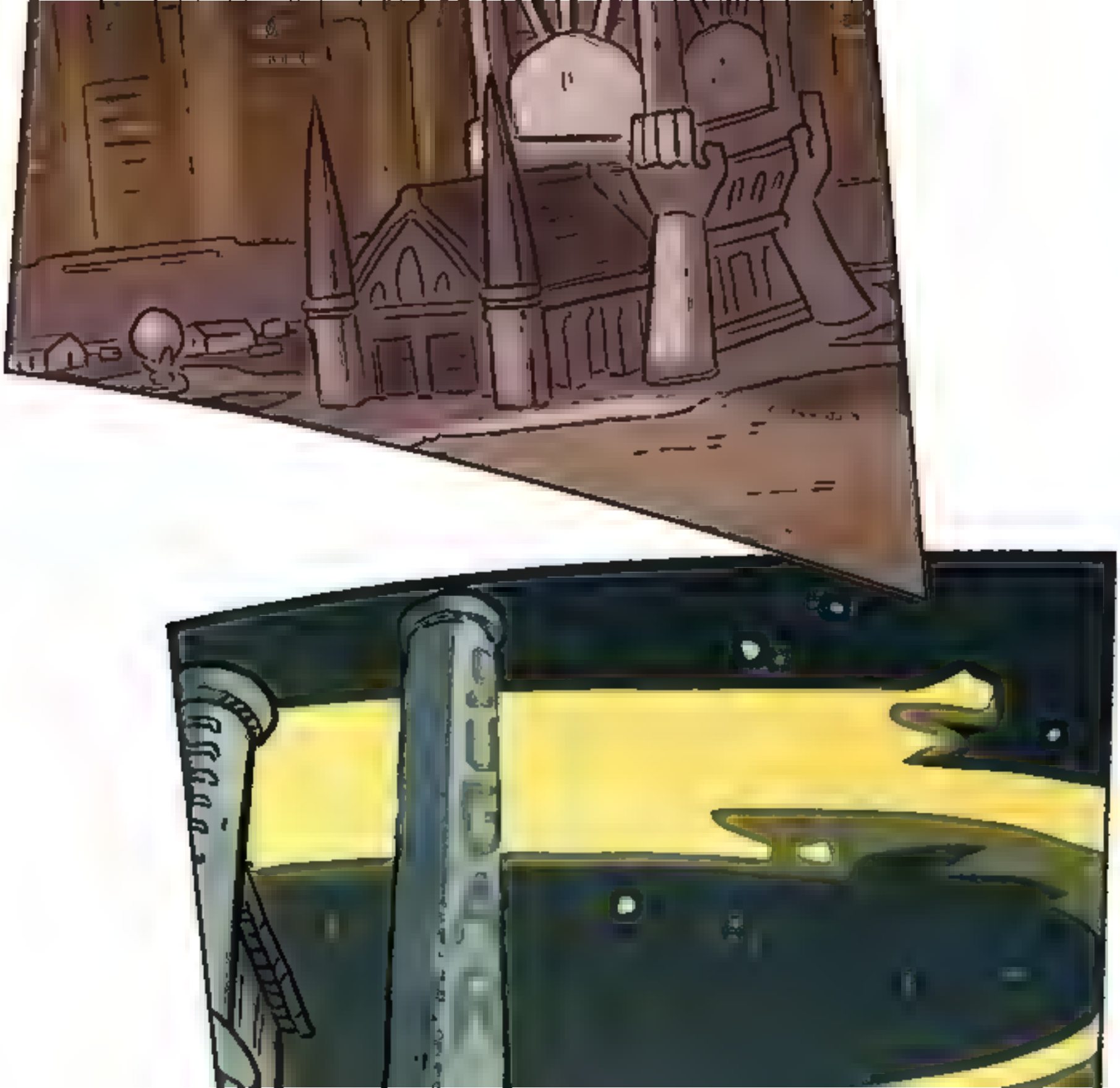

They can't.
If I must force you to understand that, I shall.

And when you have no recourse but to abandon hope...

You will
see reason.

AAAAAAAAA

AAAA



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